

SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL.

VOL. XXI.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1893.

NO. 77

LIBERTY.

—All right about the 'sang digger' here's our and let it all go to thunder.

—Col. Silas Adams returned from Columbia, Sunday evening, where he had been intermingling with his constituents for several days.

—The closing exercises of Mr. J. W. Brown's school at this place will take place at the court-house on Friday night, the 24th. There will be a grand exhibition with declamations, dialogues, music, &c.

—Mr. Wm. Lynn, living on Shuck's Creek, a few miles from this place, reports that his son, Wm. T. Lynn, left his home on the night of the 13th inst. and has not been heard of since. He is a boy 15 years old, has light hair, blue eyes, fair complexion and is of good average size for one of his age. He left with John D. Lee, a youth 18 years old, fair skin and freckled face. He is said to have always been a good, steady boy and Mr. Lynn now has reliable information that he was persuaded off. If any person knows of his whereabouts he would confer a great favor by dropping a note to William Lynn, Liberty, Ky.; or if any good person would persuade the wandering boy to return to his distressed parents, he would perform a charitable deed which would be reciprocated if the opportunity should occur.

—Married at Monroe Brown's, on the 19th inst., by A. J. Gibony, Jailer John T. Brown to Mrs. Cordelia Rakes, of Marion county; also on the 23d, by the same, Mr. John C. Brown to Mrs. Anna P. Branson, both of this vicinity. At Middleburg, on the 21st, by Rev. F. Grier, Circuit Clerk James Gibony, of Liberty, to Miss Emma Coulter, daughter of James Coulter, Esq. The bride and groom arrived in Liberty late in the afternoon with the following couples as attendants: John Coulter and Miss Mattie Williams, Wilford Dye and Miss Lucy Swope, E. L. Coffey and Miss Belle Coulter, Harry Rains and Miss Etie Elliott, Dr. James Wesley and Miss Bertha Elliott. The happy pair with their attendants put up at Charlie Freecott's hotel, where they sat down to a sumptuous table. This was apparently an incongruous union of a Hamiltonian with one of Jeffersonian proclivities. Which of the parties, whether republican or democratic, will be strengthened in after years by this union, of course is now merely a matter of conjecture.

—The fine hotel of R. T. Pierce, of this place is now approaching completion, though we learn it will not be furnished ready for use at the approaching December term of the Casey circuit court. Everything about the building is done in splendid style. The carpenter work under the superintendence of Mr. W. H. Wilkinson, of this place, is now receiving its finishing strokes. Mr. George Haynes, of Monticello, is the house-plasterer and his work has high commendations. Through the courtesy of Mr. J. E. Aheran, of Bradfordville, who is the painter, we were shown through all the rooms the other day. His work, too, is done in the highest and latest style of art. There is much variety and harmonious blending of the fine grain work on the doors and the fancy bordering. Jolly Ab Hall, who did the masonry and brick laying, has already completed his job and performed it with much credit to himself and the house. Don't say any more that Liberty will never rise out of the ashes. She will be an honor to the county yet.

GRAB ORCHARD.

—A cold wave has struck us and cloaks and overcoats are in demand.

—Miss Mamie King has returned after an extended visit to relatives in Kansas.

—Prayer meeting at Baptist church Thursday night, conducted by Rev. Anderson.

—Niece Allie and Birdie Hardin left for Danville this week to visit Mrs. Kittie Farris.

—An Aid Society has been reorganized by the members of the Christian church. They want work and the church needs means, so if you have any sewing or quilting to do, give it into their keeping and you will be satisfied with both work and price.

—The fire alarm was sounded at about half past 8 o'clock Wednesday night and Mr. J. R. Lawless' new residence was found to be burning. Everybody went to render assistance but to no effect. It fell in an unreasonably short time. A week later and it would have been the date of his last fire, which occurred on the same spot. Mr. Lawless has been singularly unfortunate, this being the third fire that has destroyed his property. His first loss was a store here and he has twice been left homeless. He had just insured this last house in a reliable company and will get about \$400. He was away from home Wednesday night, gone to spend the night with Mr. S. A. Middleton near town.

—Judge Harrison discharged the juries in Mason county because they were not drawn as the new constitution provides.

LANCASTER, GARRARD COUNTY.

—Next Monday will be county court. Circuit court will not be in session on that day.

—Judge Jacobs, of Danville, and Hon. R. C. Warren, of Stanford, attended court this week.

—The stock of confectioneries of Joe Haselden, who made an assignment last week, was sold at auction on Monday night.

—W. McClelland Johnson, who was chief deputy under Surveyor Collier, has opened a law office over Higginbotham's store.

—The Masons have decided to have their entertainment and supper on next Wednesday evening. An interesting programme is being arranged.

—Thanksgiving services will be held at the Methodist church Thursday morning at 10 o'clock. It has not yet been decided who will preach the sermon.

—Mrs. Eliza Lear, mother of Mr. John F. Lear, died at her home in Upper Garrard Tuesday night and was buried in the Lancaster Cemetery Wednesday afternoon. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. R. R. Noel.

—The Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette insists that Henry Watterson is the greatest man in Kentucky; that he is the most progressive, liberal-minded, public-spirited citizen of the Commonwealth; that the average Kentuckian occupies much of his time sitting on good-boxes on the corners of the streets, whittling sticks and talking politics, and considers that when he has attended faithfully to this he has discharged his duties to society and the State; that there is not a statesman of any political party in the State and that it is fifty years behind the times. Altogether the C. G. does not take a very encouraging view of old Kentucky.

—Cocart Norton—John Clark, alias "Red Cloud," was tried in three cases for selling whisky and fined \$75. Wm. Hunt, colored, had about a dozen counts against him for the same offense and was fined \$20 in each case. John Harris, Mose Spelman and Lee Floyd, all colored, are charged with breaking into Mr. Marksbury's granary, but as Spelman is in the penitentiary now for some of his other devilment, the case was continued. Laura Bell Broadus was given a divorce from her husband, Alexander Broadus, for abandoning her. The case against Nan Bruce, colored, for vagrancy, was dismissed as she is in the last stages of consumption. Harry Huffman had quite a number of cases against him for selling liquor and his fines amounted to \$400. E. A. Pascoe, charged with selling cigarettes to a person under 16 years of age, was acquitted. Those fined for selling whisky couldn't pay and were sent to jail and the judge gave instructions that they be made to work. They are allowed \$2 a day. The case against George Huffman for attempting to rape his seven-year old niece, resulted in a hung jury.

—Circuit court commenced on Monday, Hon. M. C. Sanley presiding. The charge to the grand jury was able, comprehensive and explicit. The various laws and the necessity for their enforcement was fully set forth and made so plain that none could misunderstand or be misled as to the rights and duties of the citizen. Judge Sanley is kind and courteous to lawyers and litigants, but at the same time keeps things moving. The charge of delay in the matter of litigation cannot be laid at his door, for he has materially reduced the old docket and disposes of cases on the new with promptness and satisfaction. His splendid work upon the bench has won him a host of friends. Hon. John Sam Owens, is on deck attending to the duties of Commonwealth's Attorney ably and faithfully. The interests of the State will receive prompt attention at his hands and at the same time no injustice will be done to those who are innocent. His duties have been performed in a manner highly creditable to himself and satisfactory to all concerned.

Resolutions of Respect

Adopted by the Walnut Flat Christian Endeavor Society, commemorative of the death of Brother R. H. Caldwell, Nov. 21, 1893.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to call from our midst our worthy and esteemed brother, in the evening of life, whilst we bow in humble submission to His will, we can but mingle our grief with those who mourn.

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. R. H. Caldwell our Society has lost a worthy and highly esteemed friend, his wife and family a kind, husband and father, the church a zealous and pious pastor and the community at large an upright, honest citizen.

2. That we tender to the family our condolence in this their sad hour of bereavement.

Ordered that these resolutions be spread on the minutes, a copy furnished the family and also the INTERIOR JOURNAL for publication.

T. W. JONES,
MRS. R. E. GAINES, } Comtee
J. P. CHANDLER,

—Seven men were turned to death in a hotel at Beaver, Pa.

ROWLAND.

—A. B. Owens is quite ill and not expected to live.

—John T. Dudderar has gone into business at Lancaster.

—Mrs. J. H. Hilton is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Woodyard, at Brodhead.

—We notice that all the offices in Collector Rodes' district have been made vacant for democrats. That is all right, if the new men are all democrats.

—Miss Viola's theatrical company is playing in hard luck. Some of their paraphernalia was attached here for a debt due J. H. Albright, of Brodhead.

—S. M. Carrier, father of J. W. Carrier and a republican dyed in the wool, has been appointed postmaster at Walnut Flat. What is the matter with the present administration?

—On this (Thursday) evening at 6:30 Prof. Voiers delivers a lecture on prohibition and against high license. "Grandpa Basso" will sing selections from favorite music. The lecture will be at the church and a large crowd is expected.

—The Sherman silver bill, enacted by the republicans, got the country in trouble and now before the democrats could do anything to relieve the people, the present administration is held responsible for the hard times. Let the people be taught properly and all will be well in 1896.

—Dr. J. A. Amon, of Garrard, was with us this week. Martin Kearns, now a Lebanon dude, was here with friends Wednesday. Messrs. Geo. Pope and W. P. Raines have moved to the heights in Northeastern Needmore. Judge Shelton has a new and handsome outfit for his barber shop.

—On the 17th, Arbor Day, 20 beautiful trees were put out on the school grounds by some of the young ladies and gentlemen of the school. On Saturday night, some low, mean sneak pulled them all up. Marthal Martin and others are attempting to ascertain who did it. If his name comes to light he will be made to pay a fine or look through the bars.

—Little Mary Jane Moore, aged 22 months, died Nov. 18th, of brain fever. Her illness lasted about three weeks and she had violent spasms for nine days. She was a sweet child and one that attracted the attention of everybody. The family expresses its heartfelt thanks to the good people of Rowland who were so kind in the hour of trouble. We don't know how to appreciate the loved ones until they are torn from us.

WILLIAMSBURG, WHITLEY COUNTY.

—Mr. E. N. Ingram, a young attorney of Pineville, is in town this week.

—G. A. Denham's commission as postmaster at this place came Saturday.

—A large crowd was in town Monday, county court day. Most of them came in on account of the sheriff's big land sale for taxes.

—Rev. J. N. Prestidge is holding a series of meetings at the Baptist church, this week. There were five additions Monday night.

—A party of young people met at Miss Nell Freeman's, Monday night, and had a candy pulling for the benefit of the supper given Tuesday night.

—The meeting at the Christian church closed Wednesday night of last week with 70 additions. Elder Terry baptized 23 on Wednesday afternoon.

—W. T. Darrow, life insurance agent of Louisville, is in our town this week. K. D. Perkins went to Louisville Wednesday night on legal business.

—The Ladies Aid Society of the Christian church gave an oyster supper in the sample room of M. A. Moore, Tuesday night, which was quite a financial success.

—Mr. J. A. Cooley, Judge James Stinson and Judge H. F. Finley are just beginning the erection of new residences, while Thos. O'Mara, B. F. Rose, Prof. Gorman Jones, M. L. Moore and Richard Faulkner have their residences nearly completed. This does not look like our people were entirely ruined by the late financial panic.

—Two negroes named Miller and Burns were arrested in Bell county about a week ago for breaking in and stealing goods from J. M. Ellison's store. They still had much of the clothing in their possession. They were brought here and placed in jail Sunday. Miller jumped from the train near Rockhold but was shot in the foot and recaptured in a short while and brought in on the afternoon train.

The Old Farmer Hopkins Co. delighted a large audience at the Opera House last night. Mr. Davidson as the Old Farmer was simply immense, in fact the entire company was away above par. If a return date could be arranged, the house would not hold the people.—Marshfield, Wis. Times. At Walton's Opera House, Nov. 30.

—The most notable matrimonial event in the history of Bloomington, Ill., was the marriage Miss Helen L. Davis to Lewis G. Stevenson, son of the vice-president.

HUSTONVILLE.

—The fishing and hunting club with the necessary paraphernalia left Tuesday for Casey.

—There was a furor in our city Saturday night (Sunday morning) by the throwing and explosion of a dynamite cartridge. No arrests.

—Rev. W. L. Williams was unable to occupy the pulpit Sunday morning and evening, hence there were no services at the Christian church.

—Mr. Will Dunn gave a fish dinner to a number of his male friends Friday. Fish were served variously, palatably and bountifully. Mr. and Mrs. D. should be congratulated on their excellency as host and hostess.

—Mr. J. A. Butler, who has been very sick with typhoid fever, is improving. Mr. J. V. Cook, of Lancaster, was here to see Mr. J. M. Cook. Mrs. Homer Oison, of Paris, is the guest of her mother, Mrs. W. R. Williams. Mr. Carroll Reid is at home on a furlough. Miss Julia Staggs is at home from Lebanon.

—There reside near Hustonville Samuel and Angeline Jeffers, aged 76 each, whose lives are worthy of note and for their strict regard for the Scripture: "Multiply and replenish the earth." In a recent conversation with Mr. J. the following marvelous record was given: "We were married six years and six months and no children. Fifteen years from that day my wife was the proud mother of 19 children, seven pairs of twins. Within 11 months four children were born (two sets of twins), and four at one time not walking. There were fourteen of us—ten brothers, including myself, and four sisters. The ten brothers had 34 pairs of twins, but the sisters none. Two of these brothers were twins who went to Missouri and married twin sisters and each had seven pairs of twins born to them."

DEATH'S DOINGS.

—Death came to the relief of Mrs. Abe VanArsdale McRoberts at 4 o'clock yesterday morning and her tired spirit took its flight to the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. A little over nine years ago she became the wife of Mr. H. J. McRoberts, and no couple ever lived together more happily than they. She was a true wife in every sense of the word and the sweet incense of her memory will serve to cheer to some extent the heart broken husband in the dreary hours that must be his. A good wife is more to be prized than jewels and the loss of one is the severest affliction that can be felt by man, and those who have experienced it can sympathize as no others can with the bereaved husband. Mrs. McRoberts was born Jan. 27, 1857, in Harrodsburg, and at the age of 15 professed religion and joined the Presbyterian church, of which she remained a faithful and earnest member to the end. Foremost in church work and ever ready to do her full share of anything that would advance the cause of her Master, her loss will be felt by the congregation here, which held her in high esteem. For more than a year consumption has gnawed at her vitals, but sustained by the grace of the God she loved, she murmured not. She retained consciousness to the last and left many loving messages to friends to meet her in Heaven. The funeral sermon will be preached at the Presbyterian church this Friday, afternoon at 2:30 by Rev. W. A. Shaymaker, after which all that is mortal will be consigned to the earth in Buffalo Cemetery.

—Miss Annie Hoehn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anton Hoehn, died yesterday of typhoid fever at the Carpenter House, where she had been engaged some time, aged 16.

—Presley Smith, ex-sheriff, and father of Mrs. W. K. Denny, of Garrard, died in Richmond Monday, aged 65.

—Prof. St. Clair, formerly of Hamilton College, where he taught 12 years, died at Columbia, Mo.

LONDON, LAUREL COUNTY.

—Wm. E. Goggin, of Laurel county, a clerk in the pension office, has been promoted from \$900 to \$1,000.

—Suit was instituted Tuesday in the Laurel circuit court by Andy Johnson, formerly of Bell county, against the Louisville Times Publishing Co. for \$20,000 damages for publishing an article accusing Johnson of burning a planing mill at Dillon.

—The young man found dead here has been identified by about a dozen people as Henry Lewis, a young school teacher and preacher of Leslie county. In my description I forgot to mention that his age is about 23. The body is still in the county court room awaiting the arrival of his father.

—A conspiracy to kidnap the 12-year-old daughter of Joseph Kraft, a wealthy citizen of New Albany, was divulged by a faithful servant, who refused to enlist in it and the gang was enticed to a barn, where an armed force awaited them. One of the men was killed and the other captured and lodged in jail.

—Two students have been killed within a week in the murderous game of football.

Walton's Opera House.

Reserved Seats Now on Sale.

We invite the public to come at once and purchase from the **BEST & NEWEST STOCK OF DRUGS.**

Toiltd Requisites, Fine Stationery, Books, Window Glass, Hunting Goods, Pipes, Cigars and Tobacco.

Call and secure best prices.

W. B. McROBERTS,
Pharmacist, Stanford, Ky.

Stanford Female College.

J. M. HUBBARD, A. M., President.

Fall Session Tuesday, September 5th 1893.

Full corps of Conservatory and Normal School teachers. Superior courses in Literature, Music and Art. Excellent boarding department. Catalogues and circulars furnished on application.

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The Next Session of this Institution Begins September 13, 1893.

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Has been established in the Home and under the personal control of the Principal. Regular study hours under the supervision of the Principal and assistants and the restraints and government of a Christian home are combined with the best educational advantages.

For further particulars in regard to board, tuition, etc., address

JAMES B. WALTON, Principal, Danville, Ky.

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Staple and Fancy Groceries, Hardware, Stoves, Dinner Sets, Chamber Sets, Tinware, &c.

See Our Large and Splendid Line Of

FARMING IMPLEMENTS.

THE HARD TIMES ARE OVER

At last. The consumer has been squeezed long and hard by the giant monopolies of manufactures, but now the panic-stricken and overloaded manufacturers and importers are dumping their products as fast as they can, which means that prices are now being

SLAUGHTERED

Right and left, and the fellow with the cash can lay in his goods and sell them far below old prices. I am happy to say to one and all that I have been one of the fortunate ones and have them in my house. They are new and fresh; no old stock or second-hand goods, rotten with age or infected with disease, but fresh from the manufacturers. Read these prices and see the goods. All the standard brands of Calicoes at 5c yard; Hoosier Cotton 5c yard. Men's Calf Shoes \$1, worth \$1.50. Baby Shoes 25c, worth 75c. Children's Shoes 50c worth \$1. Ladies' Button Shoes 75c, worth \$1.25. Ladies' Button Shoes 90c, worth \$1.50. The largest and best selected stock of Clothing ever shown in Hustonville. I will also have a mammoth line of Ladies' Cloaks Oct 1st at half price. A full line of Family Groceries. Come early and get the best at auction prices. Respectfully,

JAMES FRYE, Hustonville.

6 OR 8 PAGES.
EVERY FRIDAY.

Ex-Gov. Ruek, the most picturesque figure in President Harrison's cabinet, has gone the way of all flesh. His death was caused by inflammation of the prostate gland of long standing and it occurred at his home at Viroqua, Wis., Tuesday morning. He was familiarly known as "Uncle Jere" and as Secretary of Agriculture gave the newspaper reporters many chances to turn a paragraph at his expense. During his life of 63 years he held a great many offices, including that of representative in the Legislature; he was three times governor, three times congressman, a general in the army and a cabinet officer, a pretty good record for a man who began life as a stage driver. Though droll and blunt of speech he was very popular and to that more than any positive ability he owed his successive advancements in public confidence.

"Two shows for the price of one. A single ticket admits you to all," will possibly be the cry of the fakers for the Sam Jones performances in Louisville. He is to preach at the Auditorium one day and lecture at the same place the next night and while there will be no direct charge for the pulpit exhibition, only those who buy tickets for the lecture will be permitted to hear the so-called sermon. As tickets are \$1, it will be seen that the kind of salvation that Samuel dispenses is not free by a long shot. The plan to draw a crowd is a novel one, but unworthy of the cause if not of its originator.

WHENEVER the Frankfort correspondent, who must suffer from ennui in that dull town under the hills, runs out of something to send to the Louisville dailies, he begins to nominate somebody for office. It is two years yet before the gubernatorial election yet that irresponsible young man would have the world believe that Col. W. O. Bradley is sitting up nights laying his plans to capture the republican nomination for that office, when the truth is he is not bothering himself about politics and if he was he could get the nomination aforesaid on the slightest intimation that he wanted it.

THERE is no cable to the Sandwich Islands and the news from there is only obtainable through regular steamers to San Francisco. This is too slow for the wide awake dailies and they have chartered a vessel to carry representatives to Honolulu to report on the condition of affairs there. The average reader who pays from 1 to 5 cents for a newspaper has no idea of the amount of money it has expended in getting the latest news or of the enterprise necessary to conduct a paper to fill the wants of an ever growing demand for the freshest information obtainable on all subjects.

SENATOR CARLISLE delivered an address at the annual dinner of the New York Chamber of Commerce Tuesday evening, in which he declared that gold is the only safe basis for a currency, but that as much silver should be used as can be maintained at a parity with gold. He regarded the talk of a double standard as absurd as it would be to have two yard sticks of different lengths or two gallons of different dimensions. The speech is attracting great attention, as it is regarded as the authorized declaration of the administration on the monetary question.

THE report of Commissioner Blount of his investigations at Hawaii proves beyond a doubt that the Harrison administration violated all international law and committed a great wrong on a weak and defenseless country. The revolution was only made possible by the shameful conspiracy of Ex-Minister Stevens and a gang of freebooters to promote their selfish ends. It appears to have been a most disgraceful conspiracy throughout and sufficient in itself to forever damn the last republican administration.

LEXINGTON is to enjoy the first advantages and privileges of Prof. Gray's wonderful electrical invention, the Telautograph, by which a fac simile of one's handwriting can be instantaneously transmitted any distance. An exchange will be established and the surrounding towns will be placed in communication with the capital of the Blue Grass.

THE Wattersen Club at Louisville demands a change in the post-office there and considering the fact that republicans have held the place for 30 years, it appears that the demand is not without reason. The boys in the trenches voted for a new deal and they ought to get it all around.

THE Lehigh Valley railroad company claims that it can easily operate without its striking trainmen. It does look like it is a very bad time to strike, with the army of unemployed seeking work, and it is more than probable that it will result in failure.

A WRITER in the Courier-Journal, of Wednesday, who signs his article N. T. H. and dates it at Middleboro, makes a specious and special plea that justice be done the so-called Magic City by the press and others. Usually justice is not what the accused desires, but this writer, who has more faith than a grain of mustard seed, sees such visions of future greatness that he would fain have everybody believe that Middleboro will rise and come again as sure as God made little apples. We hope so, we are sure. That "permanent investment of a \$160-a-loot, crawfishy lot over the Rhine" which the writer thinks has darkened our vision and given us a vinegary view of the Yellow Creek town, has very little to do with the case. We simply give the impression that the looks of the town now produces with no desire to injure it whatever, even if it were in our power. We are glad somebody can take such a rosy view of the place as does N. T. H. and trust that he has not let his desire get away with his judgment in the premises.

WE are not an advocate of mob law except in those instances in which the law does not provide a sufficient punishment or there is the prospect of a failure of justice. When it has to be resorted to however, it should be done open and above board, like the mob who hanged a rapist in an Iowa court-house in the presence of the court, and not in the dead hours of the night by sneaking men in masks. If such things are necessary to be done, let them be done decently and in order. It will have better effect and will show that those who take part at least do not think they are themselves committing a crime.

INTEREST in the Breckinridge-Pollard suit seems to have waned. But little of it is said now of what was for the time a nine-days wonder. Owing to the crowded condition of the circuit court docket at Washington, the case will probably not be called before next spring. Even Miss Pollard seems to have fallen into innocuous disrepute as no mention is made of her now-a-days.

HON. I. M. QUIGLEY, seeing that Hon. A. J. Carroll, of Louisville, has the call on the speakership of the next House, has wisely withdrawn from the contest and if the other aspirants are wise they will do likewise. All the same though it will be Carroll first and the rest nowhere.

NEWSY NOTES.

—J. C. Williams has been appointed postmaster at Labascus, Casey county.

—The wives of four Lewis Brothers in Morgan county each gave birth to a baby on the same day of last week.

—J. Adair Pleasants, a native of Harrodsburg, Ky., but for years past one of the best known men in Virginia, died in Richmond.

—John Jackson, of Maude, O., was bitten almost to death by a horse with hydrophobia. One entire shoulder was bitten off.

—Dr. Messer, postmaster at Messer, Knox county, was arrested by a U. S. marshal for breaking open a letter containing a pension check.

—The governor has appointed Hon. D. W. Tibble of Madison a delegate to the Farmers' National Congress to be held at Savannah, Ga., Dec. 12.

—Three persons were burned to death and six others injured in a fire at Newbern, Tenn., which destroyed the Opera House and several other buildings.

—At Rushing, Mich., Geo. Wristley a 15-year-old boy, who was locked up for housebreaking, tried to escape from jail by burning it down. He was smothered to death.

—H. F. Childsen, of Erlanger, captured the second prize of \$1,000 offered by a St. Louis tobacco firm in a guessing contest over the total attendance at the World's Fair.

—There have been further developments in the Cumberland Valley Bank's assignment case which justify the belief that the assignment will be set aside and a receiver appointed.

—Sallie McAlister, colored, an ex-museum freak, died at her home in Washington City, last week. She weighed 695 and was probably the largest woman in the United States.

—The East Tennessee Land Company, which founded the town of Harriman, Tenn., and which is the largest land company in the State, has been placed in the hands of receivers.

—J. L. Harper and James Oleson, of Marshall county, stood up in the road and shot each other to death in the sight of Harper's wife and children. It was the result of an old quarrel.

—The Kentucky Maltin Co., at Louisville has failed in a manner which shows there was much rottenness in its management. Its liabilities are \$300,000 with assets nothing to speak of.

—John Stonke, of St. Louis, was given 200 lashes on his naked back by regulators because he married his neighbor's wife. His back was as raw as a piece of steak after the whipping.

—Gen. Joseph B. Doe, of Junesville, Wis., Adjutant General of the Wisconsin National Guard, will be appointed Assistant Secretary of War. Gen. Doe is a lawyer and enjoys a large practice.

—C. G. Sparks, of Mt. Leonard, Mo., sold 40 Poland China swine as follows: Nine sows sold for \$125; 10 gilts \$101; 10 young boar pigs \$200; one aged boar, Admiral Chip 7919, \$250; 10 small pigs \$70.

—It is now believed that the internal revenue tax on whisky will not be increased by the new revenue bill.

—The fire in Springfield, Mass., Tuesday night caused a loss of about \$500,000. The police claim that the fire was of incendiary origin.

—Goodloe Combs has been sentenced for life for being accessory to the murder of John Rose, in Powell county, making the fourth man so sentenced for the same crime.

—Under peremptory instructions from the court the jury in the trial of William Holt, charged with being implicated in the Delaney-Oliver tragedy, returned a verdict of not guilty.

—Santa Ana Perez, the northern leader of the Mexican revolutionists, advertises for 25,000 recruits. He promises to pay \$75 a month to every man who enlists, provided he comes with 100 cart-ridges.

—The storm that had beat continuously for four days upon the west coast of Europe, has resulted in immense destruction of life and property. Over 40 bodies have been picked up on the shore near Calais.

—The Cincinnati Enquirer says that Francisco Loving, of Knoxville, while hunting, shot and killed a squirrel, which fell on a rotten limb. The limb broke and fell on Loving's head, killing him instantly.

—Hon. John B. Gordon, general commanding the United Confederate Veterans, announces that the reunion which was to have taken place at Birmingham, Ala., last month, will be held in that city April 25 and 26, 1894.

—Walter Lyon, aged 19, while hunting near Paducah, was mortally wounded by the breech pin of his gun blowing out. The pin struck him in the forehead and came out near the ear. The discharge also destroyed the eye.

—The Court of Appeals decided in the case of Dr. Rice, of Louisville, who was fined \$50 for practicing medicine without a certificate from the State Board of Health, which was refused him, that it has no jurisdiction in such cases.

—Police raided a crap shooting party on a steamer at Paducah. To avoid being captured one man leaped into the hold and split his skull and another in attempting to jump into a boat near by, fell into the water and was drowned.

—A second attempt to burn the Lexington court-house at Lexington came near accomplishing the purpose, which is said to have been to destroy the papers in the Seacree case, which are likely to give two prominent citizens trouble.

—The grand jury at Guthrie, O. T., submitted a voluminous report to the Federal Court regarding the Cherokee Strip opening frauds. The report alleges that stupendous frauds were committed and calls for a congressional investigation.

—At Ottumwa, Ia., a mob took Fred Gustavson from Justice Train's courtroom and hanged him from the stairway. Gustavson assaulted the 4-year-old daughter of Jonas Sax, on Monday night. The mother of the child furnished the rope used.

—Fred White, a maniac, at Elk River, Michigan, gouged an eye out, cut off his right leg and then with his left hand cut off his right wrist with an ax. He was discovered before he did further injury to himself. His is said to be a case of religious insanity.

—Contrary to the usual precedent, a Roanoke jury has convicted three men for rioting in connection with the lynching of the negro Smith. One man was fined and given 30 days in jail; two others were sentenced to one day in jail; nine others are to trial.

—Clarence M. Overman, president of the Citizens' National Bank, of Hillsboro, O., pleaded guilty to the charge of perjury, embezzlement and making false reports to the controller of the treasury and was sentenced to serve five years in the penitentiary. The total amount embezzled was \$50,000.

—Thousands of counterfeit tickets have been sold and honored over railroads leading out of Chicago in the last few weeks. The counterfeit was so nearly perfect that it was accepted without question until discovered by accident. The railroads now have \$200,000 worth in their possession.

Additional Locals.

New lot of Zeigler boots and shoes just received at S. H. Shanks'.

Do you know that right now we are ready for business, with a grand assortment of holiday gifts? Banks, the Jeweler.

With the full dress hop, Thanksgiving and a show, our young people ought to manage to get through next week without experiencing ennui to any rampant extent.

The "Lady Gladiators," a troupe of a-lleged opera burlesquers, who displayed little talent, but much soiled hosiery over ill-shaped limbs, and which the managers of the Opera House here refused to play, went to pieces at Harrodsburg. They appeared at Frankfort and the Capital says their performance was unfit for a description in a decent newspaper.

—Rev. and Mrs. Geo. O. Bernes, and Miss Marie, are arranging to spend the winter at Sanibel, after the meeting which Mr. Bernes will hold right away in Atlanta. The family owns about a square mile of the land on Sanibel Island off the Florida coast.

A Tremendous Success.

The whole town electrified by the low prices. Multitudes of buyers flocking to the Louisville Store. Mechanics leave their benches, merchants their desks, professional men their offices, laborers their tools to join the crowds taking advantage of the

GREAT BARGAINS,

Preparing for the winter. The Cloak season is now at its highest and we must thank the ladies of Stanford and surrounding country for the large amount of patronage we have gained through them.

CLOTHING!!

For men we can sell you a suit at \$1.50, \$4 and \$5, worth double the money. For Suits in all the latest styles, double and single breasted sacks and frocks, very rare bargains, cut from \$13, \$14 and \$15 to \$7, \$9 and \$10. Everything else in the Clothing line cut in proportion.

OUR GENERAL FURNISHINGS

Which contain thousands of dollars worth, are too numerous to mention, all cut to meet the needs of shifty buyers. All Calicoes will be sold this week at 5c; apron check gingham 5c, worth 8 1/4, and all other Dry Goods cut in proportion. Ladies' Shoes 90c, \$1.25 and \$1.50, well worth double the money.

Don't miss this chance. Everything new and offered at less prices than odds and ends can be bought for elsewhere.

THE LOUISVILLE STORE.

A. URBANSKY & CO., Prop.

T. D. RANEY, Manager

MATRIMONIAL MATTERS.

—Mr. William Vinson, a widower of 42, was married yesterday to Miss Susie Horton, a spinster of 33.

—Mr. Gabe Brown and Miss Mandy Jane Reeves were married yesterday at Wm. Anstin's, near McKinney.

—Simon Strass, manager of the Louisville Store in Danville, and Miss Selu a Rosenberg, of Louisville, will wed in January.

—The Chibbertson will contest at New Albany has been compromised. Mrs. Blanche Chibbertson-French is to receive at once \$150,000 in cash and the remainder of the bequest, \$350,000, is to be placed in trust for her until she attains the age of 35 years. She was disinherited for marrying against her father's will.

—Love laughs at locksmaths and defies politics, religion and what nots. Mr. Lewis Green Stevenson, son of the democratic vice-president, and himself a democrat, was married at Bloomington, Ill., Tuesday, to Miss Helen Louise Davis, the beautiful daughter of the editor of the republican paper there. They will spend their honeymoon in Southern France.

—The marriage of Mr. S. C. Lackey, of Atlanta, to Miss Bettie VanArsdell was solemnized at Mr. David VanArsdell's in Harrodsburg Wednesday. Dr. Hunter, of the Presbyterian church, officiating. The attendants were Mr. T. T. Lackey and Miss Stella VanArsdell; Mr. G. T. Lackey and Miss Carrie VanArsdell. It was a lovely home wedding in beautifully decorated parlors and was witnessed by some 40 intimate relatives and friends. After congratulations and a sumptuous breakfast, served in five courses, Mr. and Mrs. Lackey left for Lexington and will tomorrow visit the groom's father, Hon. G. A. Lackey. The bride is said to be a lovely woman in every particular, while the groom is a model young man morally, of excellent business qualifications. Mr. Lackey has made his home in Atlanta for several years and to that city he will return after all the relatives are visited. May Heaven's choicest blessings be theirs now and always.

CHURCH AFFAIRS.

—The protracted meeting at the Christian church, Richmond, conducted by Eld. Powell, closed with 17 additions.

—The union Thanksgiving services will be held at the Christian church, with sermon by Rev. W. A. Slaymaker, at 11 A. M.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dress-Making.

MRS. COREY SAUNDERS.

Of Cincinnati, has located in Stanford for the purpose of conducting a Dress-Making Establishment. She is fully conversant with all the styles and in cutting uses the French Tailor System. She can be found at Mrs. Wm. Rice's, on Lower Main Street, where she will be glad to have the ladies call on her.

PUBLIC SALE.

ON MONDAY, DEC. 11, 1893, At the Court-house in Stanford, I will offer for sale to the highest bidder,

A NICE FARM OF 19 ACRES,

Lying in Lincoln Co., Ky., on Hanging Fork, about 1 1/2 miles above the bridge on the Stanford & Danville pike, it being the place where I now live. Good dwelling of six rooms, barn and all necessary outbuildings and splendid garden. Never failing water. Farm all under good fence and in high state of cultivation. Will be sold on easy terms.

For further information apply to Miller & Sewer, Real Estate Dealers, Stanford, Ky. 77-1d

MRS. MATTIE PETERS.

H. C. RUPLEY,

Merchant Tailor.

Is Receiving His

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

Goods Warranted and a Perfect Fit Guaranteed. Give me call.

Great Clearance Sale.

I want to reduce my large stock of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, and offer them at prices never so low. Call and examine the stock.

Ladies' watches former price \$50 now \$40.00;
Ladies' watches former price \$35 now 27.00;
Ladies' watches former price \$25 now 17.50.

Solid Silver Spoons, Plated Spoons, Plated Knives and forks all at the

SAME SWEEPING REDUCTION.

This sale will be made for CASH. Bring the money along with you.

A. R. PENNY.

Do You Get Good Coffee?

If you do not, try ours. We are now receiving our winter goods such as

Cracked Wheat, Oatmeal, Hominy,

(Hudnut's,) Carolina Rice, Foerster Cakes and Crackers,

California Canned and Evaporated Fruits,

P. J. and Imported Macaroni. Nice Assortment of Candies, Fruits and Nuts.

McKINNEY BROS.,

Dealers in Staple and Fancy Groceries.

NEW GOODS

FALL & WINTER

—Goods are—

All In. Come and See.

H. J. McROBERTS.

OYSTERS!

Oysters always on hand, either in bulk or cans, or served to order in any style, with celery, etc.

Fruits of Every Kind,

And all fresh and fine and sold at astonishingly low prices.

Candies, Nuts, &c., in great variety and abundance. Come in and have a basket fixed up for your wife or girl.

Splendid Dinner for 25c.

R. ZIMMER.

W. P. WALTON.

On this doctors don't disagree. It may be regarded as an assured fact that the delegates to the Pan American Congress at Washington, who travel over the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway will, with one accord, praise its scenery and train service. There is nothing in the way of lovely mountain views and picturesque valleys of the Virginias, to compare with that through which the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad passes. There is nothing of historic nature in America as great as a trip through the Virginias and there is no other railroad in America superior to the C. & O. In the smoothness and stability of its tracks, the F. V. Vestibule Limited being one of the famous trains of the world. The Chesapeake & Ohio passes through Bull Run, Manassas and other noted battle fields and is in all respects the best route for the West, North-West and South-West to the National Capital. For copy of Virginia in black and white, free and full information regarding rates and train service, address C. B. Ryan, Assistant G. P. A., Cincinnati, Ohio.

N. & W. Norfolk & Western R.R.

Schedule No. 1, 1893.

LEAVE NORTON DAILY
10:15 a. m. for Graham, Bluefield, Pocahontas, Lynchburg, Richmond and Norfolk.
Sleeping Cars from Bluefield to Norfolk and Redford; also from Lynchburg to Richmond.
Trains for Pocahontas, Powhatan and Godwin will leave Bluefield daily at 7:00 a. m., 1:05 p. m. and 4:30 p. m.
Leave Bluefield 7:00 a. m. and 9:00 p. m. daily for Kenosha and Columbus, O., Chicago and all points West.
Fullman sleeper on 9:00 p. m. train for Chicago.
Additional trains for Welch and intermediate stations on Elkhorn leave Bluefield 4:30 p. m. daily.
Trains arrive at Norton from the East daily at 5:30 p. m.
For further information as to schedules, rates, etc., apply to agents of Norfolk & Western R.R., W. B. DEWILL, Gen. Pass. Agt. Roanoke, Va.
M. F. BRAGG, Trav. Pass. Agent.

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Shortest Line between Louisville, Lexington and Eastern Points.

IN EFFECT NOV. 1, 1893

EAST BOUND. Live, Lexington
Atlantic Express No. 22, daily, leaving 7:10 p. m.
Midland Accommodation, No. 24, ex. Sun. at 10:40 a. m.
Vestibule Express, No. 26, daily, leaving 6:10 p. m.
Mt. Sterling Accom., No. 28, ex. Sun., leaving 5:35 p. m.

WEST BOUND. Arr. Lexington:
Lexington Accom. No. 27, ex. Sun., leaving 7:55 a. m.
Lexington Express No. 29, daily, leaving 12:40 p. m.
Lexington Accom. No. 31, ex. Sun., leaving 4:15 p. m.
Vestibule Express No. 33, daily, leaving 6:10 p. m.

Solid Vestibule Trains with Dining Cars, no bus transfers.
Through Sleepers from Lexington without change.
H. W. FULLER, C. B. RYAN,
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Washington, D. C., Cincinnati, O.

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No tuition. No board. No extra charges.
Write for circulars to
WILBUR R. SMITH, LEXINGTON, KY.

NYE AS A COCKNEY.

WILLIAM IS GETTING QUITE USED
TO DEAR OLD LONDON.

He Goes to Hear the Minstrels and Writes
About Clarence, Who Is Back Again
Once More—Cancelling an Engagement
With a Duchess—Off For Golf.

[Copyright, 1893, by Edgar W. Nye.]
LONDON, England.

Geoffrey of Monmouth says that in the year 1108 before Christ, Brutus, a descendant of Aeneas, who was the son of Venus, came to England with his companions after the taking of Troy and founded the city of Troynovant, which is now called London. After 1,000 years, during which the city grew and flourished exceedingly, one Lud became its king. Next my lodgings and actually against my window is St. James' church. I can hear the sermon or the music when my window is open perfectly. This church does not believe in the divinity of Christ. I am led to believe that if we trace the matter back to the dawn of the Christian era, we will understand why London is not mentioned in the Bible, and why Paul did not correspond with the archbishop of Canterbury.

King Lud built walls and towers, and among other things the famous gate which gave its name to the street still called Ludgate. King Lud was succeeded by his brother, during whose reign Julius Caesar, since deceased, invaded London and the town became Roman. It was newly fortified by Helena, mother of Constantine the Great.

This is the Geoffrey story, with which Walter Besant does not instantly agree. He maintains, and, too, with good reason, that the people of London are not related to the Venus family in any way whatever. A family portrait or two of Venus may be found at the national gallery. She was good looking but rather wild, and if she dressed in London as she did for these pictures, she must have suffered a good deal from pneumonia.

London, as a Roman town, was called Augusta, and where now one meets the gentleman in high hat and frock coat, the Roman senator climbed to the top of a penny bus while his meagre toga flapped in the fresh breeze. Where now the highland soldier in his rum uniform and purple knees gayly lies him to the Moore and Burgess minstrels at St. James' hall, the Romans 2,000 years ago sat with bowed heads and shed tears over the same jokes.

Kind words can never die,
Never die, never die;
Kind words can never die—
No, never die.

It is the same with a joke. What more enduring monument could one have above his lowly tomb than a well told anecdote?

At St. James' hall the other evening the following songs were sung by the company: "Old Black Joe," "Some Day," "White Wings," "The Picture That Was Turned Toward the Wall," "Lorena," "Silver Threads Among the Gold," and "Sweet Belle Mahone." I went on that special evening because it was the new programme for 1893-4.

Mr. Moore, the head of the firm, is the justly celebrated and refined father-in-law of Charles Mitchell, the mauler. He is called Pony Moore. Pony is 60 odd, but is still the end man at his own show, and as popular today as that undying humorist who is supported by his wife, Judy, and the dog Toby. Punch and Judy will probably play in standing room only so long as Big Ben and the Tower shall remain, and possibly centuries after.

In 410 A. D. the Romans went away from London, for the reason I am told that a young woman on Piccadilly one evening when it was raining spread her umbrella over a Roman senator, chucked him under the chin and said, "Hello, Charley!" Mind you, without ever having met him before, and his name not being Charley either.

He told the other Romans about the incident, and the next morning every one of them was at Charing Cross station on their way home. A Roman senator.



WEST LIKE A CHILD.

ator had nothing but his honor and a change of togas in those days, but he prized them higher than rubies, or almost anything, for that matter.

Clarence, my valet, is back with me again. I am going to take him down to the Isle of Wight for a week's coaching. It will do him good to fool about there over the beautiful roads. He is threatened with gout and this morning left an egg at table. But it was a Roman egg. By the way, it was just discovered here in a small court of justice that a grocer who dealt in eggs both of theocene and plicocene eras was in the habit of selling this fruit when ripe for a Hyde park ovation to a confectioner, who makes a business of buying such eggs for some of his manufactures. Since I learned that, I eat fruit more and caramels less.

I have a friend who wants me to take a week's shooting on his estate. He is very kind and very hospitable, assure the English generally. Bless their great North American hearts, I was about to say. The publisher in his own home is miles to

see. He makes you believe that he built that house for you, and he only hopes that you will like it. He turns over his roof tree and servants and cellar and root house and stable to you, and then says, "What! Are you going to sail next month? You astonish me. Had arranged everything for 30 days, so that we could not have a dull day."

This is not the license of the liar, but the plain truth, and they have gone on doing it even when some of our countrymen have abused the privilege.

But I could not go shooting. I would have enjoyed it every moment, and so would the birds.

But what would Clarence do? He is so easily cast down. He leans on me so much. He lost his mother on his forty-eighth birthday, and he is comparatively alone, and I am afraid he will get dejected and get to drinking. One even-



STARTING OUT TO PLAY GOLF.

ing I thought I would knock the dignity out of Clarence by mixing his liquor for him. If I could only get some of that ponderous dignity knocked out of him I thought I would enjoy him more and talk more freely with him.

He took the prescription I had arranged for him, also some cognac, a dipper full of Guinness and a gourd of gin, and when I suddenly asked him to jump up and get the cheese his celebrated ramrod back was a little more perpendicular than ever, and he was so much more dignified than ever that I bowed my head on the table and wept like a child.

We have lodgings that are very pleasant and a two shilling breakfast. That is, I pay two shillings for myself and two for Clarence, unless he needs something to encourage his appetite; then, of course, that is extra. Lunch we get at the house, or nearby, at well known eating works. It is the same with dinner. One can go out to these places and get a dinner a la carte blanche or a prix fixe.

This summer has seen the thorough victory of the straw hat and its establishment in London. I have been told many times never to show my nose here if I wore a straw hat, so I left mine in the stateroom of the ship and got a nice, shiny high hat, but I was surprised to find the straw hat on the street for a month after I had landed. Even in the Stock Exchange they have been worn this summer, and members have appeared in the House of Parliament in them.

This is extremely sensible, for sitting all day in a heated session and wearing a high hat or sealskin cap was gradually making the members bald.

Some also appeared without waistcoats during the hot weather, and younger ones wore sashes, so the example of my childlike and bland friend, Reed, the czar of North America and duke of Portland, has been already felt across the sea.

I have just canceled an engagement to dine at the home of her grace the Duchess of Newcastle. Some would not have done it under such trivial circumstances as I did, but I am rather fussy about my food, having been tenderly reared, and in the advertising columns of The Times this morning I read, "The Duchess of Newcastle uses Spratt's dog cakes only." Titled people of course may live as they choose, but they must not expect friends to fall in with their odd customs.

I am just now starting out for Hampstead Heath to play a game of golf, and Clarence will accompany me with an umbrella stand full of golf sticks. The game of golf is as exciting to me as kicking a frozen doughnut two miles along a winter road.

Bill Nye

A Source of Embarrassment.

Esmerelda Longcoffin—I've got such a lovely parrot.
Birdie McGinnis—Can he talk?
"I should say so. He says, 'Oh, what a fool' all day long."
"Well, doesn't that embarrass you a little when there is company present?"
Texas Sittings.

At the Banquet.

Miss Ticklowell—By the way, Mr. Cahokia, how do you like Isen?
Mr. Cahokia (cordially, but with some misgivings)—If it's well done, Miss Ticklowell, with mushrooms and plenty of gravy, it isn't at all bad.—Chicago Tribune.

No Doubt About It.

"Why," asked the living skeleton of the freak, who sat beside him, "are you afraid of the man who tattooed you?"
"Because," responded the poor woman, with a shiver, "he certainly has designs on me."—Puck.

Very Religious.

Mrs. Brooks—Is she religious?
Mrs. Banks—I should say so. You know that dress her husband paid for out of his poker winnings? Well, she never wears it to church.—Brooklyn Life.

Suspicious Progress.

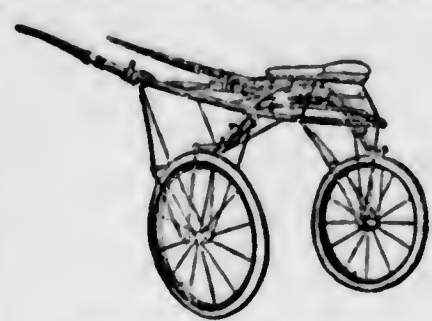
"How is Johnny getting along with his writing?" asked the fond parent.
"Rapidly," replied the teacher. "I think he is already competent to write his own excuses."—Washington Star.



PNEUMATIC SULKY.

An Invention That Has Added to the Speed of Fast Horses.

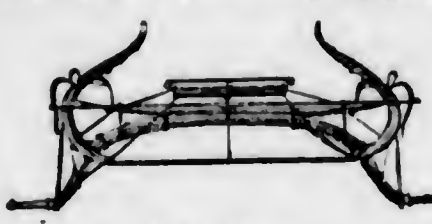
In the history of trotting and running races at the end of the nineteenth century nothing will occupy a more prominent place than the pneumatic sulky, which has knocked an appreciable time



PNEUMATIC RACING SULKY.

off the mile record. The new trotting horses are not so much faster than the old ones as they seem to be, for the pneumatic sulky helps them to get over the road faster. Another help is the kite track, not yet so well established in popular favor as the pneumatic sulky.

Once this sulky was invented, the wonder was that nobody had ever thought of it before. The frame of the sulky is made



SULKY FRAME.

as light as possible and to this are fitted the bicycle wheels. Usually the frame is made by one firm of manufacturers, the set of wheels by another, and the two are afterward put together. The frame without its wheels looks as follows:

The wheels are elaborate affairs. They have ball bearings and are made of the best steel, the rims being cold rolled steel. The axles are lengthened out so as to receive the supports of the frame above them. These supports are so long that the driver is perched high up over his wheels.

Like the bicycle wheels, the best pneumatic sulky wheels have steel ball bearings inclosed in spaces that are as near as possible dust proof. The wheels are finished in nickel and enamel and as polished and shining as the steel work on the finest sewing machine or typewriter. The spokes are of fine, strong steel wire, while the steel rims are fitted with the strong, noiseless rubber tires that make the sulky glide along as if it had no weight at all. The manufacturers of the rubber tires sell with each set a pump for inflating them.

PNEUMATIC TIERED WHEEL.

How Horses Are Spoiled.

It is a singular fact that the more the horse is hurt by the pressure of any part of his tackling the greater will be his resistance to it. A horse with a sore mouth will pull harder on the bit. If a young horse is tied with a broad leather strap around his neck, so that when he pulls violently back it will restrain him effectually without hurting him, he will then not pull a second time, but if he is tied with a chain that cuts into his neck he will generally pull at it again and again and not infrequently until he kills himself. A horse will stand in the stall and batter his legs all to pieces by kicking, and the more it hurts the more he will kick.

If a horse takes to kicking in the shafts and cuts his legs at each kick with the splinters or iron of the carriage, he will kick as long as there is a splinter left. He will not, however, kick long at a bundle of straw swinging behind him. If the bridle is taken off a young horse quietly, so that the bit comes out of his mouth easily, it will not be long before he will assist in taking it off; but if he is hurt by the operation he will throw his head to one side or jerk back every time the bridle is removed. There should not be the slightest hitch about taking the bit from the mouth of a colt. By the process many a colt has been ruined.—Exchange.

Pacer and Trotter.

The most absorbing and exciting races of 1893 will undoubtedly be those between pacers and trotters if the programme is carried out as designed. There has been a tradition during years that the trotter was necessarily faster than the pacer, and that as a time gain of the pacer was not worth wasting money on. The pacer therefore dropped out, except as the most agreeable riding horse that could be backed. There are signs now, however, that this is to be changed, and that the pacer is at last going to get his due.

Even the old tradition that the trotting gait is speedier than the pace is shattered. This year among the pacers Mascot and Flying Jib have each done a mile in 2:04, thus hitting Nancy Hanks' great trotting record. Robert J. has also paced a mile in 2:05. With that record the pacer bids fair to become fashionable, and it will pay breeders to rear and train this class of animals once more. Pacing matches will shortly be among the first contestants for popularity. The trotter will always be preferable for harness, but the revival of the pacer will

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DR. W. B. PENNY
Dentist.
Office South Side Main St., in office recently vacated by Dr. L. C. Hoffman, Stanford, Ky.

YOUR FUTURE

IS IN YOUR OWN HAND.

Palmerly assumes to tell what the lines in your hand indicate. It will amuse you, if nothing more. The above diagram almost explains itself. The length of the LINE OF LIFE indicates probable age to which you will live. Each BLACKLET line you thirty years. Well-marked LINE OF HEAD denotes brain power; clear LINE OF FORTUNE, fame or riches. Both combined mean success in life; but you must keep up with modern ideas to win it. You will find plenty of these in Demorest's Family Magazine, so attractively presented that every member of the family is entertained. It is a dozen magazines in one. A CLEAR LINE OF HEART bespeaks tenderness; a straight LINE OF FATE, peaceful life; the reverse if crooked. A well-defined LINE OF HEALTH spurs you doctors' bills; so will the health hints in Demorest's. No other magazine publishes so many stories to interest the home circle. You will be subject to extremes of high spirits or despondency if you have the GIRDLE OF VENUS well marked; keep up your spirits by having Demorest's Magazine to read. By subscribing to it for 1894 you will receive a gallery of exquisite works of art of great value, besides the superb premium picture, 12x22 inches, "My Daisy," which is almost a real baby, and equal to the original oil painting which cost \$300, and you will have a magazine that cannot be equaled by any in the world for its beautiful illustrations and subject matter, that will keep you posted on all the topics of the day, and all the fads, and different items of interest about the household, besides furnishing interesting reading matter, both grave and gay, for the whole family, and while Demorest's is not a fashion magazine, its fashion pages are perfect, and you get with it, free of cost, all the patterns you wish to use during the year, and in any size you choose. Send in your subscription at once, only \$2.00, and you will really get over \$25.00 in value. Address the publisher, W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th St., New York. If you are acquainted with the Magazine, send for a specimen copy. A large QUADRANGLE means honesty; a large TRIANGLE, generosity; long FIRST DIVISION OF THUMB, strong will; LONG SECOND DIVISION, reasoning faculty. The MOUNT OF JUPITER betokens ambition; that of SATURN, prudence; the SUN, love of splendor; MARS, courage; MOON, imagination; VENUS, love of pleasure; and MERCURY, intelligence. Take our advice as above and you will be sure to possess the last and most valuable quality.

IN DIXIE'S LAND BEFORE THE WAR.

BY JAS. FRANKLIN FITZ.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A highly dramatic story, showing the lights and shadows of an era now fast passing into the dim distant past.

Be Sure and
Read It!

CHAPTER VIII.

BETWEEN DUTY AND TEMPTATION.

I slept very soundly that night. The experience and revelations of the last twenty-four hours had been to me more



I WAS LIGHTED WITH A PAIR OF TALL
WAX CANDLES.

than incomprehensible; they were staggering. I tried to think about the astounding story that Mr. Dorion had told me, after I had bidden him good night, and had been lighted with a pair of tall wax tapers up a broad staircase to a large, square bed-chamber, where a great high-posted, canopied and curtained bed awaited me. I snuggled into it; but I could make nothing of it; I speedily gave it up, and lapsed away into slumber.

Bodily and mentally, I was tired, and I slept late. I was aroused by a prolonged knocking at my chamber-door, through which ran a continual current of negro-talk.

"Please, young maussa, would you get up an' come down to breakfast? Maussa Dorion say, wake yo' up easy; an' yo' pass out yo' boots to be shined."

When, an hour later, I was seated at the planter's hospitable table, it seemed as though I had been at home here for a year. Mr. Dorion, clad in a loose linen suit, his wife and three daughters, all pleasant, cool and at least one of them handsome, entertained me with easy and agreeable conversation. It warmed my heart now to think of this, my first agreeable introduction to southern hospitality. As for the feast that was spread on that board—I despair of conveying an adequate idea of its profusion. I was the "stranger within their gates"; I was therefore entitled to all that they could set before me. Coffee, and milk, and bacon, and eggs, and corn bread, fish from the river, hominy—where shall I stop? I had an appetite; but it soon surrendered before the great supply that loaded the table.

After breakfast, Mr. Dorion took me out on the shady west veranda, and smoked. I declined the weed, and he good-humoredly said: "You'll have to learn, youngster, if you're going to stay in the south. Like the morning cocktail, tobacco is a social force here. And you've been here at my plantation fourteen hours and haven't said a word about politics or slavery. I am beginning to doubt whether you are northern born or not."

I saw that he was bantering me, but I replied, seriously: "I have never voted yet, and I know nothing about politics. As to slavery, I hope to get some information about it. I have very little yet."

He clapped me heartily on the shoulder. "You talk like a sensible young fellow. I wish all this noise in congress and in the press could stop, and that the northerners could come down here, and see what slavery is like. Come along with me, and I'll show you a little of it."

We went back to the negro quarters; a small street of comfortable white cabins. As we passed through, the darkies ran out to see "Ole Maussa." The young children, with hardly an apology of cotton clothing to hide their blackness, laughed and chatted round him. Withered old crones and rheumatic "uncles" hobbled to the doors to see him. Lusty young negroes and negroesses gathered about him, eagerly discussing the prospects of "the crop."

"Here they are," said Mr. Dorion. "Something more than a hundred of them. You see their disposition. All that are able to work are aching to get into the cotton field to 'save de crop.'"

"Would you sell one of these slaves?" "Sell one of them? Me? Why, I'd as soon think of selling one of my own girls."

"Do all planters feel that way?" "I can't say; likely not. I know of many who do."

"Is it not true that at the slave-marts in New Orleans and Charleston young girls are sold on the auction-block, and that mothers are separated from young children?"

Mr. Dorion answered with some warmth: "You said you didn't know anything about slavery, my boy; your questions show me that you have read a great deal about it. I suppose the things that you speak of do exist; I don't know; they are just as strange to me

as though my life had been passed in Siberia. Here is my south—right here, among these people who raise a bale of cotton to the acre, and care for their niggers as no white man at the north could be coaxed or driven to do. Well, here we are, at the edge of the cotton fields. Take a look there!"

I looked, and I saw the sight that I had already seen a dozen times at a distance on my way down the river. Hundreds of acres bursting into the snowy bloom of the cotton; a mimic snowstorm, with the contrast of deep green foliage all about it, and azure skies and unclouded sun above it. The sight was one to remember for a lifetime.

Under the shade of a broad-armed oak at the border of the fields Mr. Dorion sat down and fanned himself with his hat.

"See here, my boy," he said, "I've got something to say to you. I want to talk to you like a father. Sit down there and hear me."

I complied. "When you came here, last night, you were no more to me or to my family than any other traveler from the north would be. You have been with us but a little while, and I'm free to say, you have grown on us. You are a lad of sense and spirit; I like you. My wife told me this morning that she hoped I could keep you here awhile. Now, don't you be too much flattered, my lad. My wife is a sensible woman; she knows that two of our daughters are engaged to be married, and that the other is likely to be, very soon. I don't expect any danger from you in that quarter. But my overseer is getting cranky; he is a northern man, and he don't use the field hands just as I would like. The idea has been passing through my mind all night that I would like to keep you with me, and learn you all about the plantation and the hands. Then, in a few months, I can dismiss the overseer and put you in his place. You are northern born; but I feel as if you would be a success in that place. What do you say?"

I felt tempted. I hesitated, and knew not what to say. Then I replied: "You overpowered me with your offer, Mr. Dorion. If it were not for my duty to Mr. Bostock—"

He snatched me up impatiently: "Your duty to Bostock? You owe him none. Let me warn you not to sacrifice your prospects to a mere sentiment. The man that you think you owe some obligation to is a changed, unfeeling man. Do not think that he will receive you with the cordiality that he showed you ten years ago in your northern home. He may not know you at all. I don't know what manner of reception he will give you. Have you thought of this?"

I was silent. He was encouraged by my silence, and went on: "And think, for a moment, what you are exposing yourself to! You are seeking to link your fortunes to those of a man who has clouded his life. He has alienated all the friends that he made here. There is a fearful mystery hanging over his past life. I do not know you do not know—how you may become complicated with it, if you persist in going on. I only say to you—shun him!"

I heard his words. I reflected; and the temptation to lead them grew less and less. I recalled the poverty of my life on the New Hampshire farm; my yearning to be with him. "When," I thought, "did he need friends more than now?" I was quickly decided.

"I am grateful, very grateful to you, Mr. Dorion," I said. "But I must stand by Mr. Bostock."

He looked hard at me, and seized my hand. "You are a splendid fellow," he said.

MR. DORION FANNED HIMSELF WITH HIS HAT.

"I am disappointed; but I reckon you are right."

CHAPTER IX.
AFLOAT ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

It was with deep regret that I parted that evening from good Mrs. Dorion and her amiable daughters. In the brief time that I had been under their roof I had enjoyed a sample of home life at the south that was to me as novel as it was agreeable. When these kind ladies learned that I had determined to prosecute my journey to Louisiana, they joined their husband and father in urging me to delay.

"We are hardly acquainted with you yet," said the matron. "I'd have you know, sir, it's not at all the Mississippi way for a visitor to come one day, and go the next."

"My curiosity isn't half satisfied," laughed Miss Celeste. "I supposed, from what I had heard, that your New England people were a kind of kangaroo. We see so little company here that an interesting young man like you is a positive godsend."

"And then," added a mischievous younger sister, "Simon Basset doesn't come over more than once a week."

"Perhaps I can furnish you with a good reason for stopping with us awhile. You want to see slave life down here; you can't half see it unless you witness the cotton picking. We shall begin in less than a month, and the sight will be well worth seeing. I'm a southerner born and reared; yet this is something that is always new to me and always grand. The section of Louisiana where you are going is all

sugar; you'll see no cotton there, only what is piled up in bales at New Orleans. Don't I tempt you now?" Thus Mr. Dorion talked.

He assuredly did; so greatly that I realized that my only safety was in a timely decline. To remain here even a week would attach me so to these people and to this home that the thought of Mr. Bostock would cease to trouble me. If I would go to him, I must go at once. There is nothing of the fatalist in me; notwithstanding the strange events of my early life which have been and are to be recorded, I am a plain, matter-of-fact kind of person; I had at twenty-one no more than the average sentiment that belongs to young people. When, therefore, I said that I felt urged, impelled to travel on, it will probably appear to others, as it does to me, that I had a destiny to accomplish.

I tried to say all this to my kind friends in a way that would not seem ungracious.

"Well, my lad, so be it," said Mr. Dorion. "I have forebodings about you, and you must promise to write to me all about Bostock. I have heard something of northern pluck and obstinacy; I reckon you've got both. If you will go, wait till the cool of the day, and I'll drive over with you to Barre's. It's only four miles across, and it will be much handier than to go up to Vicksburg. The Cotton Queen stops there to wood up on her way down the river."

Very little passed between us as we rode over to the river that evening. Mr. Dorion was serious and thoughtful; and, while I anticipated new scenes and adventures, I could not but be sad with the parting.

"I hope we shall meet again, Dorion," he said, as a glimpse of the river appeared through the trees.

"I know we shall," was my answer, delivered with a fervor that startled myself.

It was like the voice of prophecy. We did meet again, in a situation and under circumstances which romance would vainly attempt to rival.

"Barre's" was a place on the low riverbank where stood a solitary storehouse, and some thousands of cords of dry wood, ready for use. Two white men of the class which had never been two miles away from the river sat and dangled their rusty boots in the water, and with some profanity and a vast expectation of tobacco juice, hotly argued the unsettled question as to which was the fastest boat, the Cotton Queen, or the S. S. Prentiss.

"That comes the Queen now," said the champion of that craft. "Ah, but she's a beauty! If she ever kitches the S. S. on this water she'll walk right off'n her."

"She'll never catch her," "Much you know 'bout boats," "O, you talk! I was sailin' the Mississippi when you couldn't tell a pint o' water from a hoghead o' lasses."

The discussion was in a fair way to "go on forever," but the near approach of the stately Queen put an end to it. Heralded by great volumes of smoke beyond the point, and by that peculiar, deep-drawn coughing of the pipes that accompanies one of these river monsters, she burst into view like a splendid apparition, reminding one of the genius of the Arabian Nights. Her great paddles churned the river into foam. Twilight still prevailed, but the signal colored lanterns were hung out fore and aft and aloft, and lamps were lit in the saloons, state-rooms and cabins. Tier upon tier the great height of the steamer rose from the water, the light flashing out from every opening. Surmounting the whole was the "Texas," or pilot's cabin, with the gilded figure of a queen displayed in front of it, seated on a gilt-corded bale of cotton. The lofty smoke-pipes towered from the decks. Everywhere the boat was crowded with people.

I had long ere now recovered from the amazement with which I learned that wharves and docks were unknown in these waters, which deepen rapidly from the shore, and that these steamers are so light of draught that, to use the quaint language of the illustrious man who thoroughly knew the west, they can go anywhere "where the ground is a little damp." The Queen came straight up to the shore; the two loungers who had been discussing her and her rivals took the cables that were thrown out and moored them to the trees; and immediately a swarm of half-naked negroes sprang ashore, and under the urging of the mate, with an occasional oath and blow, began to take in wood for the long passage down the river. It was a work of some time, and darkness succeeded, the moon rising late. An open iron basket, fixed on a standard at the bow, was filled with fat pine knots, continually replenished as they burned out. The fierce red light flared out over the dusky faces and fitting forms of the negroes, and gave occasional glimpses of the passengers as they leaned on the rails and watched the picturesque scene. Mr. Dorion, standing at my side, suddenly pinched my arm.

"Look up there on the second deck, just beyond that group of indies. Do you see that tall man with the red vest and check shirt-front?"

"Yes."

"I haven't seen that free in twelve years; but I can't be mistaken in it. That man is Conrad Bostock. Dorion, I hate to have you go on the same boat with him! If you are wise—"

The bell rang sharply. "All aboard!" the captain snug out.

I wrung Mr. Dorion's hand, and passed over the plank. There was a great confusion of the engines and splashing of the paddles as the Queen backed out into the stream. I looked toward the landing, but my good friend was hidden in the darkness. As our boat steamed down the river I went about on this floating palace and observed the curious sights.

CHAPTER X.
A STIRRING SCENE.

All told, there were about fifteen hundred people on the Cotton Queen that night. They were of all sorts and

conditions. There were planters and their families returning from an early visit to the north; speculators by the score who had been up to Memphis and beyond to look over the crop; some, like myself, from the north, going down the river upon errands of business or pleasure; not a few sporting men, who frequented the bar, talked loud and smoked long cigars, and there was a Virginian taking thirty slaves of both sexes to New Orleans for sale. I had seen something already of the grand scale upon which the large river boats were constructed; but the magnificence of this one amazed me. Everything in the way of gilding, decorating and furnishing that could be done was there, regardless of expense. Tall mirrors in the saloons and cabins multiplied the crowd. Carpets of gorgeous pattern and the first texture were under foot. Profusion and variety of viands were at the crowded tables at mealtimes. I walked about and mingled with the passengers, hearing much talk of the immense cotton

and sugar yield which the season promised, and of speculations and bargains in which less figures than a hundred thousand dollars were never named. The general tone, even in business talk, seemed to be light, buoyant and confident. Life seemed to be going on, like the boat that carried us, at high pressure.

Until ten o'clock did I occupy myself in visiting every part of the steamer, and observing the passengers and their different tastes and occupations. In one of the large saloons there was dancing and waltzing, to the music of piano and violin. On the after deck a brass band was pouring forth stirring strains, and hundreds of couples were promenading. The moon had by this time risen, and the spectacle of her flood of light on the wide river was grand indeed. Rafts and flat-boats were passed, as well as smaller freight-boats; and once the steam-pipes of the Queen screamed shrill in answer to the salute of a large steamer going up.

"That's the Prentiss," a man near me said. "Some day they'll happen to come together, going the same way; and then there'll be the biggest race this river ever saw. Both captains are eager for it, and there'd be piles of money bet on it. I'd hope to be there that day."

"Isn't it dangerous?" a man from Boston inquired.

"Dangerous? Well, maybe, a little, but we never think of that down here. Steamboats always have raced, and I reckon they always will. I feel myself just this way about it—that if I owned one of these boats, and she couldn't carry steam enough to beat the other without bursting—why, then let her burst, and be d—d to her."

"But the passengers?"

"I should say they'd better be at home, that trip." I went forward and found a large number greatly interested in the performances of one of the negro hands, who was dancing in a grotesque fashion to the thrumming of a banjo. Then I went below, past the gilded and mirrored mahogany bar-counters, when half-a-dozen men in their shirt-sleeves were mixing fancy drinks for a noisy and thirsty crowd. Around a table in an adjoining saloon so many were pressing that I could not see what the attraction was. They stood on tiptoe and tried to peer over the shoulders of those in front of them. A large chandelier lighted the room, but the point of interest was concealed by the throng.

The pressure soon became so great that I was crowded up against the wall. More to save myself from suffocation than from curiosity, I reached up to the top of a door-casing, put my foot on the knob, and was at once able to elevate myself over all heads, and look directly down upon the table. The position was uncomfortable; but I was not compelled to keep it more than ten minutes.

SAGE'S QUERY TO INGERSOLL.—This beautiful song (words and music regular sheet music size) will be mailed to anyone enclosing 5c in stamps to D. G. Edwards, General Passenger Agent, C. H. & D. R. R., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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When Jack calls on Miss Eleanor, He always brings her plenty Of flowers and chocolate bonbons, which Most charm the maid of twenty.

And though Sir Jack has kindly arms, And legs as thin as pheasants, How could one blame Miss Eleanor, Who much admires his presents?

No woman has any real admiration for a man's presence unless the man has a good physique—legs and arms well filled out. You can't be "well-looking" if you suffer from any of the diseases caused by a disordered liver or impure blood—dyspepsia, biliousness, and scrofulous affections. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a medicine that cures these cases. It's the only remedy that's guaranteed to benefit or cure, in every case, or the money refunded. Medical science stamps it "absolutely potent" as a blood-cleanser, strength-restorer, and flesh-builder.

The worst Nasal Catarrh, no matter of how long standing is permanently cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Two MEN SAT AT THE TABLE PLAYING CARDS.

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MONON ROUTE
"LOUISVILLE NEW ALBANY CHICAGO ST. L."

THE POPULAR AND DIRECT
CHICAGO,
ALL
POINTS WEST
NORTH-WEST.
WORLD'S FAIR

Visitors, remember the Monon is the line, with established Trains, Dining Cars, Palace Chair Cars, Pullman Buffet Sleepers, at low rates.

For information address
JAS. BARKER, G. P. A., Chicago.
W. G. CRUSH, JR., P. A., Louisville

Farmers Bank & Trust Co
OF STANFORD, KY.

Is now fully organized and ready for business with
Paid up Capital of - - \$200,000.
Surplus, - - - - - 20,000.

SUCCESSOR TO THE LINCOLN NATIONAL BANK OF STANFORD.

Now closing up (with the same assets and under the same management) the provisions of its charter, depositors are as fully protected as in National Banks, its shareholders being held individually liable to the extent of their stock therein at the par value thereof, in addition to the amount invested in such shares. It may act as executor, administrator, trustee, etc., as fully as an individual.

To those who entrusted their business to us while managing the Lincoln National Bank of Stanford, we as here to our many thanks and trust they will continue to transact their business with us, offering as a guarantee for prompt attention to same, our twenty years' experience in banking and as liberal accommodations as are consistent with sound banking.

DIRECTORS:
J. J. Williams, Mt. Vernon;
J. M. Hall, Stanford;
J. S. Owsley, Stanford;
S. J. Embury, Stanford;
J. E. Lynn, Stanford;
J. F. Cash, Stanford;
William Goetz, Stanford;
A. W. Carpenter, Millersburg, Ky.
S. H. Shanks, President.

A. B. Robertson & Bro.,

DANVILLE, - - KY.

We are now in the midst of the most successful Cloak season we have had for many years. We propose to make it a success clear to the end. We have gone through the stock and selected about 30 fine tailor made garments that for various reasons have not sold as well as others. The cheapest of them were \$12.50, while many of them were \$16.50. These we now offer

Choice For \$5.

And remember that these are not the only bargains. In infants' embroidered long Cloaks we offer a drummer's sample line at less than half price. Misses' Jackets and long Cloaks at very attractive prices. New line of circular fur Capes \$9 to \$20. Our

\$3 Shoe Sale

To attract attention to our unrivalled line of Ladies' Fine Shoes and to reduce stock we have put on sale 150 pairs of our finest shoes in Bluchers and Buttons, hand-turns and welts at \$3 per pair. These sell at \$5, \$4.75, \$4.50 and \$4 and are made by the finest shoemakers in Rochester, N. Y. They come in B. C. D. and E. lasts, all sizes and shapes. These prices will continue until Thanksgiving day. After that day the prices will be as before.

CHEAP DRESS GOODS.

We have just opened two very specially cheap lines of wool dress goods. The prices are not over half their value. They are

36 Inch All Wool Flannels at 16 2-3c.
38 Inch All Wool Plaids at 35c.

The 16 3/4 Dress Flannels come in Navy Blue, Green, Brown and Garnet. The plaids are the bright rich colorings now so much in demand.

FINE DRESS GOODS.

Have had all the life cut out of them. Their variety is so great that they are difficult to advertise. We will sell for \$9 dresses that were \$18; for \$7 dresses that were \$12.50; for \$4 dress patterns that were \$8 to \$9. If you can't come to see them send for samples giving us an idea of price and color wanted.

Christmas Opening.

On next Friday, Dec. 1st, we will have an opening sale of Holiday goods, to which you are cordially invited. We make a special effort to always have the newest ideas for gifts. Everything new and always sold out clean by Christmas. We will have cut glass of all styles and prices. Solid silver articles in endless variety.

Bric-a-Brac, Glassware, Baskets,

Leather Goods, Books, in quantities, Silver and Gold Jewelry Novel ties, Umbrellas, Stationery, and the finest and cheapest line of Dolls in Central Kentucky. You will be well paid if you will come down.

A. B. Robertson & Bro.,
DANVILLE, KY.

SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL

STANFORD, KY., NOVEMBER 24, 1893

E. C. WALTON, Business Manager

MEANS BUSINESS.

Buy your school books and school supplies of all kinds at A. R. Penny's. Watches, clocks and jewelry repaired and warranted. Engraving a specialty, at A. R. Penny's. The largest stock of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Paints and Wall Paper at A. R. Penny's. Prescriptions a specialty.

PERSONAL POINTS.

JUDGE J. W. ALCOHN has been sick for several days. Miss BELLE HITCHCOCK, of Lexington, is over on a visit.

Mrs. KITTIE BURNHAM has been confined to her room all week by sickness. Judge G. W. McClure and Mr. Champ Mullins of Rockcastle, were here yesterday.

Mrs. P. E. KENNEDY, of Middlesboro, who was Miss Fox Pennington, is visiting the Misses Alcorn.

WALLACE WITHERS has quit the road and is for the first time in a long time enjoying a rest.

Mrs. J. A. GRENDEY, of Nashville, who came up to see Mrs. H. J. McRoberts, returned home Tuesday.

Mrs. CLEO WILLIAMS, postmaster at Mt. Vernon, returned home yesterday from a visit to Lancaster.

Mr. C. G. CALDWELL, of Waynesburg, has been on a visit to his brother-in-law, Betron Spruitt, in Garrard county.

GEORGE W. TOMPKINS, the clever representative of the Courier Journal Job Printing Co., was in town Wednesday.

HON. G. A. LACEY and his nine children attended the marriage of his son, S. C. Lacey, at Harrodsburg Wednesday.

Miss SALLIE BENTLEY entertained a number of her young friends at her home on East Main street, Tuesday night.

Mrs. G. E. MURPHY, of Greensburg, is here on business. Her husband is now under treatment in Louisville for nervousness.

W. G. LACEY was up from Elizabethtown to attend the marriage of his brother, S. C. Lacey, at Harrodsburg Wednesday.

THOMAS V. HUGHES, who has made Hot Springs his home for the past six years, is visiting his old friends and relatives here.

DR. S. G. HOCKER has returned from the cities, where he purchased a full line of Christmas goods, which he will open in due season.

MESSRS. G. THIBBS and C. H. BRANAGE, of Covington, are visiting their friend, Mr. E. Bremer, and are spending most of the time hunting.

MISS VIRGINIA JACKSON's days of convalescence are darkened by the news of the sudden death of an only aunt, at Bluff City, Tenn., with whom she made her home.

Mr. W. B. CROFT, of Santicoy, Cal., in remitting for his paper says: "I cannot get along without the INTERIOR JOURNAL, so send it on forever, unless you are afraid you will have to go to shoot to collect the bill."

MISS MARGUERITE INGELS, the beautiful and fascinating comedienne, returned Friday from an extended tour through Europe and joined her manager and company at Lexington. She will appear here Dec. 21 as the star in the "Bright Idea Co."

Mrs. MARY MILLER and Miss Mattie Owsley left Wednesday for Nashville, where they will visit Mrs. Will R. Manier a short time and go to Orlando, Fla. for the benefit of Mrs. Miller's health. It is probable that they will be gone all the winter.

Mrs. J. M. BEAZLEY will give up the Tribble House at Junction City, Jan. 1, and was here yesterday looking for a house suitable for boarders. It is said that Mr. and Mrs. Ira Taylor, assisted by Mr. Embury Beazley, will probably run the Tribble House.

CITY AND VICINITY.

DANKS, the people's Jeweler. We will give 21 cents for eggs. W. H. Wearen & Co.

Nice cottage on Mill street for rent. J. H. Baughman.

Fat mackerel, cucumber and sweet mixed pickles at McKinney Bros.

New stock of Heinz's mince meats, preserves and bottled goods at McKinney Bros.

CALL and see that line of heating stoves at W. H. Wearen & Co.'s before buying.

COME and see that holiday bargains do exist and that we give them. Danks, the Jeweler.

Go to Zimmer's for fruits, oysters, fancy groceries and the best meal in town for a quarter.

Miss LIZZIE SLAYMAKER will take orders for oil paintings, crayon or any decorative art work for Xmas. At

TWENTY shares of Somerset Banking Co. stock for sale. If not sold before court day will be sold to the highest bidder. J. S. Hughes.

Thy Cottolene, you will like it. McKinney Bros.

MEAT cutters, butcher knives, black and Cheyenne pepper at McKinney Bros.

FOR RENT OR SALE.—Two cottages, both on Main Street. Apply to Miss Lizzie Beazley, Stanford, Ky.

OLD FARMER HOPKINS and his company will make fun for our people at Walton's Opera House, Thanksgiving night.

WATERS & HACKNEY, of Danville, are opening up a tin shop in the Hocker store-room on Depot street and will keep a full line of tinware besides doing roofing and other work. See ad.

SHERIFF MENEFEE and Tom Ferrell took Will Hanksford, colored, to the penitentiary yesterday to serve 10 years for alleged rape on a low down white prostitute, who lives and consorts with negroes.

The Superior court has just affirmed a decision of the Lincoln circuit court, in the case of Dr. Geo. McRoberts' adm'r vs P. F. Hays. The doctor has been dead more than a score of years and Mr. Hays has been in Texas almost as long.

We are greatly obliged to the ladies for what they have done for us in our cloak and dress goods departments. These goods we shall keep up until late in the season so that all can be accommodated with new goods at low prices. Hughes & Tate.

Mrs. CORBY SANDERS, an experienced and accomplished dress maker, who uses the French tailor system, has located at Mrs. Wm. Rice's on Lower Main street and asks the ladies to give her a share of their patronage, confident that she can give entire satisfaction.

WILL HOWARD's murderous career will soon be ended. The Supreme Court of Missouri has refused him a new trial and he will be hanged Dec. 30. Had he confined his killings to his own Kentucky mountains he would probably never have been made to feel the halter draw.

Old Farmer Hopkins, said to be the greatest rural comedy ever written, will be given at Walton's Opera House Thanksgiving night by Frank S. Davidson and a carefully selected company. The play is described as having just enough comedy, tragedy, sentiment, surprise, sensation, singing, dancing, excitement, laughter, tears, realism, mechanism, sunlight, shadow, philosophy and wit to please everyone.

W. F. McCLARY, superintendent of schools, is having printed for each district not already supplied an order conforming to the requirements of the new school law, Sec. 78, which requires that each school-house in the country shall be supplied with certain school apparatus. He says he has no discretion in the matter, neither has the trustee. It is imperative. So much the better for the children, who are the real beneficiaries of the school fund.

MISSING.—A dispatch from Paris says Homer Oldson, manager of the Paris Water Co., has skipped the town on account of numerous debts and other troubles. The dispatch also states that the Boston parties who own the works have sent a man to investigate matters. Mr. Oldson married Miss Lena Williams, of Hintonville, and on her account, as well as that of her family, we sincerely hope there is a mistake somewhere and that Mr. Oldson will turn up all right.

TOOK HIM IN.—Constable T. J. Benedict arrested General Griffin, Wednesday, on a charge of peddling liquor without license and when he searched him found that he had a great big gun concealed on his person. This put him in for another offense and the old man not finding anybody willing to stand good for his appearance at the trials, he was locked up. He hails from Pulaski and is said to do quite a trade in the liquor line. His son was arrested for a like offense at Danville last week.

WM. STRINGER, the deputy U. S. marshal who arrested Ballou and Collins, the train wreckers, was down from Pittsburg Tuesday. He admitted that he lied like a son-of-a-gun, when the mob of railroad men wanted to hang his prisoners, but he feels justified in doing so, since he saved the lives of the wretches and kept the men from committing a crime for which he would have been compelled to have presented them to the U. S. grand jury. Mr. Stringer is a courageous officer and is doing good work, but we are mighty sorry he didn't let the mob have the rascals since no adequate legal punishment is provided for their crime.

The new corporation law provides that every corporation doing business in this State shall have one or more known places of business and shall file with the secretary of State a statement signed by its president or secretary, giving the location of its office or offices and the names of its agent or agents upon whom process of law may be served. The penalty for failure to do so is fixed at from \$100 to \$1,000 fine. The Lincoln Building and Savings Association of Stanford failed to comply with the law, as did 96 other institutions of the kind in the State, and the attorney general has brought suits against them all in the Franklin circuit court to recover the penalty.

NEW TIN SHOP.

Waters & Hackney

Have opened in the Dr. Hocker Store-room on Depot St. in Stanford.

TIN, IRON AND SHINGLE ROOFING.

Gutters, Spouting and Repairing also. Any article in the tinners' line made to order. A share of your patronage is solicited.

Both Work and Material Guaranteed.

Hog trough iron, coal buckets, shovels, pokers, fire sets, lard cans, stove pipes, &c. Our prices will be 20 per cent. lower than the lowest. Terms Cash, Strictly Cash.

Unprecedented!

Is the word to express what we are doing and the crowds that gather in our store from day to day looking for Bargains, which we always carry. The people know

Bargains

When they see them without publishing prices and they also know good goods when they see them. We can not sing the praises of our Cloak Department too loud. Ladies' tailor made Cape Cloaks and Jackets, Misses' and Children's Cloaks of every cut and weave, Ladies' Fur Capes, &c. We are attracting trade from adjoining counties on these goods, because our line is perfect and prices the lowest.

Our second importation of Clothing is now in and goes rapidly. If you want an Overcoat or Winter Suit for yourself or family, come to us. Or if you want Winter Shoes we are headquarters for good goods at low prices. By all means remember our Dress Goods and Hosiery, our Gloves and Trimming Silks.

We are headquarters for all the new things. And if you want a pattern by which to cut a garment we keep the standard. Patterns the very best and latest.

HUGHES & TATE.

OIL! OIL!

Disappointment,

I know, to everybody, but my Oil Wagon was broken in shipping so had to disappoint you. But I will have a new one in a few days, and will be ready to fill that oil can with the

BEST OIL At THE LEAST MONEY

Wait for the wagon. Produce taken in exchange. Respect,

ALBERT HOMMEL.

NEW DRUG STORE.

I have bought the stock of goods of M. L. Bourne and thoroughly renovated the house and stock of goods and added full line of Drugs. Notions, Glass, Paints, Oils, etc. We are now thoroughly prepared to wait on our friends. We have a large stock of Spectacles.

Particular Attention Paid to Physicians' Prescriptions.

Best of Wines and Liquors for medicinal purposes. All of which we will sell at bottom prices. Give us a call.

Do not Forget This—1. We are always glad to see you. 2. No trouble to show goods. 3. If you don't see what you want, ask for it. 4. Lowest cash prices for the best goods. 5. Full assortment always on hand. 6. To please our customers is our greatest delight.

S. C. HOCKER, M. D.
W. L. CONNER, Reg. Pharmacist.

W. H. WEAREN & CO.

—Headquarters for—

STOVES & STOVE REPAIRS

Of all kinds. The most complete line of

HEATING: STOVES

Ever in Stanford. Prices according to the times.

B. B. KING. GEORGE B. PREWITT.

KING & PREWITT.

MORELAND, KY.,
We have opened up a nice line of

Dry Goods, Notions, Dress Goods, Clothing Boots, Shoes, Hats, Groceries, Hardware,
We are daily receiving our Fall Goods, which we are marking down lower than ever.
Terms cash or country produce. Give us a call. We will save you money.
We are opening up a splendid line of Fall Millinery.
We have for sale 24 broke mules 4 years old.
Corn Wanted.

KING & PREWITT.

